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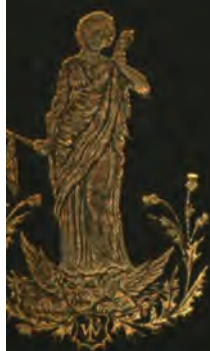
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Dramatic Works

OF

SHAKESPEARE

1



TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV. Sc. III.

Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with *Etchings*

VOLUME SEVENTH.

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VOL. SEVENTH.

Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pille.

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THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at severall doores.

Poet.



Ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne :

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches : see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both : th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyreable and continuat goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,

*It strikes the glory in that happy Verse,
Which softly sings the good.*

Mer. *'Tis a good Verse.*

Lord. And rich : here is a Water inside ye.

Pain. You are rays sir, in some works, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Post. A thing slips idly from me.

*Our Picture is as a Grove, which sees
From whence 'tis sourit : the fire Pth First
Shews out, till it be stroke : our gentle flame
Proves it selfe, and like the current flies
Each brand it chafes. What have you there ?*

Pain. A Picture sir : when comes your Booke forth ?

Post. Upon the heels of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. *'Tis a good Peece.*

Post. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Post. Admirable : How this grace
Speakes his owne standing : what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth ? How bigge imagination
Moves in this Lip, to th'dumbness of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life :
Here is a touch : Is't good ?

Post. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these touches, livelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Post. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Pe. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough worke, shap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet.

I will unbould to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their services to Lord *Timon* : his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Then to abhorre himselfe ; even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain.

I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Base o'th'Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states ; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Sovereigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pain.

'Tis conceyvd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With one man becken'd from the rest below,

Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on :
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his vawleu ; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his styrrup, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloved ; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common :
A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes have seene
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to
every Sutor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Mes. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait :
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*, well :
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him

A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall have. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me ;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no ? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships service.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well : what further ?

Old. One onely Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I have got :
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deereest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prythee (Noble Lord)
Joyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe have spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe.
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Oldm. She is yong and apt :

Our owne precedent passions do instruct us
What levities in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid ?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband ?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present ; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath serv'd me long :

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, never may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend ?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man :
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,

He is but out-side : These Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it ; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman : give me your hand,
We must needs dine together : sir your Jewell
Hath suffered under praise.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise ?

Tim. A meere sasiety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give : but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleeve't, deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes the common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid ?

Jewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle *Apermantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st them not.

Ape. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apermantus* ?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Ape. Thou art proud *Apemantus* ?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going ?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus* ?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation : what's she, if I be a Dogge ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus* ?

Ape. No : I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords ;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, *Apemantus* ?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth ?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet ?

Poet. How now Philosopher ?

Ape. Thou lyeest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Ape. Yea.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet ?

Poet. Yea.

Ape. Then thou lyeſt :
 Look in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy
 Fellow.

Poe. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour.
 He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens,
 that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldſt thou then *Apemantus* ?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my
 heart.

Tim. What thy ſelfe ?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore ?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
 Art not thou a Merchant ?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that ?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe
 All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to us.
 You muſt needs dine with me : go not you hence
 Till I have thank't you : when dinners done
 Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.

Moſt welcome Sir.

Ape. So, ſo ; their Aches contract, and ſterve your ſupple
 joynts : that there ſhould bee ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet
 Knaves, and all this Curteaſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into
 Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir :

Ere we depart, wee'l share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't *Apemantus* ?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serves still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus* ?

Ape. Should'st have kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to give
thee none.

1 Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding :
Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Asse.

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timons* bountie : he out-goes
The verie heart of kindnesse.

2 He powres it out : *Plutus* the God of Gold

Is but his Steward : no meede but he repayes
Seven-fold above it selfe : No guift to him,
But breeds the giver a returne : exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 The Noblest minde he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?
He keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet serv'd in : and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace :
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose helpe
I deriv'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honest *Ventigius* : You mistake my love,
I gave it freely ever, and ther's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them : faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremoney was but devis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne :
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies have confest it.

Aper. Ho ho, confest it ? Handg'd it ? Have you not ?

Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No : You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame :
They say my Lords, *Irafuror brevis est*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him have a Table by himselfe :
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee : Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore
welcome : I my selfe would have no power, prythee let my meate
make thee silent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me : for I should
nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods ! What a number of men eats
Timon, and he sees 'em not ? It greeves me to see so many dip
there meate in one mans blood, and all the madnesse is, he cheeres
them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Me thinks they should envite them without knives,
Good for there meate, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him, now
parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided
draught : is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas beene proved, if
I were a huge man I should feare to drinke at meales, least they
should spie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men should
drinke with harnesse on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart : and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way ? A brave fellow. He keepes his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state looke ill,
Timon.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire :
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feasts are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

*Immortall Gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graunt I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seemes asleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I should need 'em,
Amen. So fall too't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*.

Tim. Captaine.

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were Bleeding new my Lord there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em : & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happinesse my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our selves for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have much helpe from you : how had you beene my Friends else. Why have you that charitable title from thousands ? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we have any Friends ; if we should nere have need of 'em ? They were the most needlesse Creatures living ; should we nere have use for 'em ? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung up in

Cases, that keeps there sounds to themselves. Why I have often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you : we are borne to do benefita. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh joyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne : mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon.*

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Aper. Ho, ho : I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. *Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.*

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
Which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his
Bounties taste : the five best Sences acknowledge thee their
Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.
There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise :
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Tim. They'r welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance.
Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belov'd

Aper. Hoyday.

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
 They daunce ? They are madwomen,
 Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
 As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
 We make our selves Fooles, to disport our selves,
 And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
 Upon whose Age we voyde it up agen
 With poysonous Spight and Envy.
 Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves ;
 Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graves
 Of their Friends guift :
 I should feare, those that dance before me now,
 Would one day stampe upon me : 'Tas bene done,
 Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
 Much grace (faire Ladies)
 Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde :
 You have added worth untoo't, and luster,
 And entertain'd me with mine owne device.
 I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take us even at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking,
 I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
 Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flavius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
 There is no crossing him in's humor,
 Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
 When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:
 'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
 That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I have one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
 I must intreat you honour me so much,
 As to advance this Jewell, accept it, and weare it,
 Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
 I prythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
 (Out of his free love) hath presented to you
 Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents
 Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?

3. *Scr.* Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receiv'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,

To shew him what a Begger his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for ev'ry word:

He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;

His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were

Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:

Happier is he that has no friend to feede,

Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit.

Tim. You do your selves much wrong,

You bate too much of your owne merita.

Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

2. *Lord.* With more then common thanks

I will receyve it.

3. *Lord.* O he's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. 'Tis yours because you lik'd it.

1. *L.* Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to give :
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee : for all thy living
Is mong'st the dead : and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. *Lord.* The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Aper. What a coiles heere, serving of beckes, and jutting out
of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes
that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,

Me thinkes false hearts, should never have sound legges.

Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtiaes.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing ; for if I should be brib'd too, there
would be none left to raile upon thee, and then thou wouldst sinne
the faster. Thou giv'st so long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt give
away thy selfe in paper shortly. What needs these Feasts,
pompes, and Vaine-glories ?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am
sworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better
Musicke.

Exit.

Aper. So : Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then.
Ile locke thy heaven from thee :

Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand : to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he ; why give my Horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses : No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight deniall ; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus : but tell him,
My Uses cry to me ; I must serve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand : for I do feare
When every Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir ?

Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, with many billes in his band.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue : never minde,
Was to be so unwise, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good even *Varro* : what, you come for money ?

Var. Is't not your businesse too ?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore* ?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will ?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues ? whence are you ?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth :
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* servant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes, and past.

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressely to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
He waite upon you instantly. Come hither : pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor ?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this businesse :
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
That I make his Lordship understand :
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's
ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Usurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your selves. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art

hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit.

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Ape. So would I :
As good a tricke as ever Hangman serv'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Usurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Usurer, but ha's a Foole to his Servant.
My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole : when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry : but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee.
'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole :

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me mervell wherefore ere this time
Had you not folly laide my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expence
As I had leave of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me :
At many leysures I proposee.

Tim. Go too :
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that unaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Returne so much, I have shooke my head, and wept :
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I have
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lov'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your having, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyed and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues ; the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning ?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices have beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of Wine ; when every roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I have retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this Lord :
How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Pezants
This night englutted : who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timons* :
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon* :
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made :
Feast won, fast lost ; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart :
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends : secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly use

As I can bid thee speak.

Ste. Assurance bless your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes :
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flavius, Scurilus ?*

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his
Honor to day ; you to *Sciponius* ; commend me to their
loves ; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time
to use 'em toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty
Talents.

Flav. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus* ? Humh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators ;

Of whom, even to the States best health ; I have
Deserv'd this Hearing : bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Ste. I have beene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)

To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,

But they do shake their heads, and I am heere

No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true ? Can't be ?

Stew. They answer in a joynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie : you are Honourable,
But yet they could have wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse ; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench ; would all were well ; tis pittie,

And so intending other serious matters,
 After distastefull lookes ; and these hard Fractions
 With certaine halfe-caps, and cold moving nods,
 They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them :
 Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
 Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
 'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde ;
 And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidgius* (prythee be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; Ingeniously I speake,
 No blame belongs to thee :) *Ventidgius* lately
 Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
 Into a great estate : When he was poore,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,
 I cleer'd him with five Talents : Greet him from me,
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
 With those five Talents ; that had, give't these Fellowes
 To whom 'tis instant due. Nev'r speake, or thinke,
 That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it :
 That thought is Bounties Foe ;
 Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt.

*Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
 enters a servant to him.*

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down
 to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men ? A Guift I warrant. Why

this hits right : I dreamt of a Silver Bason & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectively welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayster ?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir : and what hast thou there under thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius* ?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I am come to intreat your Honor to supply : who having great and instant occasion to use fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him : nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la : Nothing doubting sayes hee ? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to have him spend lesse, and yet he wold embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee alwayes wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time wel, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee ; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly damned baseness
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L.

Flam. May these adde to the number that may scald thee :
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe :
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slave unto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him :
Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke upon't :
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend
and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to
him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare
from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done
and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeve it : hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeve you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of
his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents,
nay urg'd extreemly for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd
too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods
I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was

work little Honor and Love. For my own part, I must needs answer. I have received some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Pleasure, Service, and such like Things: nothing comparing to the great and honorable love and care he has for me. I should not have forgot the Decree of that Tribunal.

Enter Servant.

Servant. See, my Lord, his command to you. I have come to see his Honor. My Honor is here.

Lord Servant. You are desired to go to Fairwell, commanding me to the Magnificent Gentlemen, Lord my very acquaintance I mean.

Servant. May I please your Honor, my Lord hath said—

Lord. He? what he? he said? I am so much addicted to that Love, never ever sending now shall I think him think's that? And what he he sent now?

Servant. His Honor sent his present Decree now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his present use with so many Talents.

Lord. I know his Lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Servant. But in the mean time he wants less my Lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so earnestly.

Lord. Does thou speak seriously, Servant?

Servant. Upon my soul 'tis true Sir.

Lord. What a wicked Beast was I to justify my self against such a good time, when I might ha shown my self Honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I should Purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deale of Honour? *Servant,* now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my self, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of mee, because I have

no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to use mine owne words to him ?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Servil.

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Servilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you observe this *Hostilius* ?

2 I, too well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule,

And just of the same peece

Is every Flatterers sport : who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish ? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,

And kept his credit with his purse :

Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drincke,

But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,

And yet, oh see the monstrosnesse of man,

When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape ;

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,

For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,

And Honourable Carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into Donation,

And the best halfe should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart : But I perceive,

Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,

For Policy sits above Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? Have they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shoves but little love, or judgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians)
Thrive, give him over: Must I take th'Cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't. I'me angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might have wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere received guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile require it last? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer joyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the divell
knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke: he
crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the

Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairely this Lord
strives to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked :
like those, that under hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes
on fire, of such a nature is his politike love.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Save onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master :
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house. *Exit*

*Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait
for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.*

Var. man. Well met, good morrow *Titus & Hortensius.*

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seaven.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him :

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare :

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is : One may
reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your fence, for that.

Tit. He shew you how t'observe a strange sweat :
Your Lord sends now for Money ?

Hurt. Most true, he doe's.

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon* gift,
For which I waite for money.

Hurt. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it shewes,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes :
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hurt. I'm weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witness :
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes :
What's yours ?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'sum
Your Masters confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon* men.

Luc. *Flaminius* ? Sir, a word : Pray is my Lord readie to
come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship : pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha : is not that his Steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a Clowd : Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, sir ?

2. *Varro.* By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do you aske of me, my Friend.

Ti. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne upon his debts,
And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selves but wrong, to stirre me up,
Let me passe quietly :

Beleeve't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serve.

Stew. If't 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve Knaves.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his casheer'd Worship mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no
house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great
buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Ti. Oh heere's *Servilius* : now wee shall know some answere.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some
other houre, I should derive much from't. For tak't of my
soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent : His comfort-
able temper has forsooke him, he's much out of health, and
keepe his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke :
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Servil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. *Servilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
Have I bin ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I have Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleave mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceive our Masters may throwe their caps at
their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a
madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They have e'ene put my breath from mee the slaves.
Creditors? Divels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile have it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Ullorxa : All,
Ile once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted
soule ; there's not so much left to, furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care :
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more : my Cooke and Ile provide. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them,
with Attendants.*

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody :
'Tis necessary he should dye :
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true ; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues ;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heavie
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law : which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire :
Your words have tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour ; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be evilles, and inforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1. *Sen.* You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare.
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats ? Sleepe upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy ? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad ? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it :
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon ?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge ?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood ?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impietie :

But who is Man, that is not Angrie.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?

His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alci. Why say my Lords ha's done faire service,

And slaine in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he beare himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To overcome him. In that Beastly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,

And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,

Take my deserts to his, and joyne 'em both.

And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,

Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you

Upon his good returnes.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre receive't in valiant gore,

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alci. Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3

What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so bace,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish usurie,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Judgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coine upon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the usuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment,
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere up
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

Enter divers Friends at severall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.

2 I also wish it to you : I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 Upon that were my thoughts tying when wee encountred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the triall of his severall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inviting, which many my neere occasions did urge mee to put off : but he hath conjur'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Provision was out.

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Every man heares so : what would hee have borrowed of you ?

1 A thousand Peeces.

2 A thousand Peeces ?

1 What of you ?

2 He sent to me sir——Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both ; and how fare you ?

1 Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay : Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile : If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets sound : we shall too't presently.

1 I hope it remaines not unkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere ? *The Banket brought in.*

2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

2 All cover'd Dishea.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it.

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward.

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your owne guifts, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest

of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast never behold
 You knot of Mouth-Friends : Smoke, & lukewarm water
 Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
 Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
 Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long
 Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
 Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares :
 You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
 Cap and knee-Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes.
 Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
 Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
 Soft, take thy Physicke first ; thou too, and thou :
 Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
 What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
 Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest,
 Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4 I have lost my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies him.
 He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out
 of my hat.

Did you see my Jewell ?

2 Did you see my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no stay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't upon my bones.

4 One day he gives us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children : Slaves and Fooles
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthea.
Convert o'th'Instant greene Virginitie,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe ; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Servants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion live : Plagues incident to men,
Your Potent and infectious Feavors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt

As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
 Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
 That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may strive,
 And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
 Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
 Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be meereley poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
 But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
 Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 Amen.

*Exit.**Enter Steward with two or three Servants.*

I Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poore as you.

I Such a House broke?
 So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
 And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
 From our Companion, throwne into his grave,
 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 Slinke all away, leave their false vowes with him
 Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
 A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
 With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
 Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Serv. All, broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* Livery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Serv. Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth Ile share among't you.
Where ever we shall meete, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
We have seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to live
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
'To have his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Pittie him that Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Undone by *Sinfulness*: Strange unusuall blood,
When manne winnt manne in, He do's too much Good.
Who then durst to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My deere Lord, blent to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chiefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends;

Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it :
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever serve his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I have Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

*Exit.**Enter Timon in the woods.*

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity : below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is dividant : touch them with severall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leave : who dares ? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand upright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all : for everie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique :
There's nothing levell in our cursed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* diadaines,
Destruction phang mankind ; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere ?
Gold ? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold ?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heavens. Thus much of this will make

Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this: you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your sides:
 Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.
 This yellow Slave,
 Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
 Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeves,
 And give them Title, knee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
 Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
 Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
 To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
 Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
 Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
 But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
 When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and
 Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What are thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
 For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
 That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
 With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules :
 Religious Cannons, civill Lawes are cruell,
 Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
 Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
 For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returns
 To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to give :
 But then renew I could not like the Moone,
 There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none. If thou wilt
 not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man : if thou
 do'st performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy Miserie.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
 Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they love thee not that use thee, give
 them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make use of thy salt
 houres, season the slaves for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe
 Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
 Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
 I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,

The want whereof, doth dayly make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greiv'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pitty him whom thou dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well :

Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon* ?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.

Put up thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on ;

Be as a Plannetary plague, when Jove

Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson

In the sicke ayre : let not thy sword skip one :

Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,

It is her habite onely, that is honest,

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheekes

Make soft thy trenchant Sword : for those Milke pappes

That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,

Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe

Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy ;

Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against Objects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion : and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou givest me,
not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon thee.

Both. Give us some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant ; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes :
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him up,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats : yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter :
Weare them, betray with them ; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then ?
Beleeve't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly : Hoare the Flamen,

That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
 And not beleeves himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
 Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee
 Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians bald,
 And let the unscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
 Derive some paine from you. Plague all,
 That your Activity may defeate and quell
 The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold.
 Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
 And ditches grave you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeeffe first, I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell *Timon* : if I thrive well, Ile visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
 And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans unkindnesse
 Should yet be hungry : Common Mother, thou
 Whose wombe unmeasureable, and infinite brest
 Teemes and feeds all : whose selfesame Mettle
 Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffed,
 Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
 The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
 With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heaven,
 Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine :
 Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote :
 Enseare thy Fertile and Conceptionous wombe,

Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root, deare thanks :
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morsels Unctious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes——

Enter Apemantus.

More man ? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore unmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade ? this place ?
This Slave-like Habit, and these lookes of Care ?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive
By that which ha's undone thee ; hinde thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy Cap : praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent : thou wast told thus :
Thou gav'st thine eares (like Tapsters that bad welcom)
To Knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foole : what think'st

That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
 Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
 That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
 Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
 To cure thy o're-night surfet? Call the Creatures,
 Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
 Of wrekefull Heaven, whose bare unhoued Trunkes
 To the conflicting Elements expos'd
 Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
 O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ape. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Foolea.

Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knave too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
 Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
 Out-lives: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never compleat:
 The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse then the worst, Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme



With favour never claspt : but bred a Dogge.
 Had'st thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
 The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
 To such as may the passive drugges of it
 Freely command'st : thou would'st have plung'd thy self
 In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
 In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
 The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
 The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
 Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
 The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
 At duty more then I could frame employment ;
 That numberlesæ upon me stucke, as leaves
 Do on the Oake, have with one Winters brush
 Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
 For every storme that blowes. I to beare this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen :
 Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men ?
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse ; thy Father (that poore ragge)
 Must be thy subject ; who in spight put stuffe
 To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
 Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
 If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
 Thou hadst bene a Knave and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone :
 That the whole life of Athens were in this,
 Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht ;

If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind : if thou wilt,

Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I have.

Ape. Heere is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :

For heere it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lye'st a nights *Timon* ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus* ?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather where I
eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind.

Ape. Where would'st thou send it ?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest, but the
extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy
Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiositie : in thy Ragges
thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a
medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler ?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou should'st have
loved thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou ever know
unthrift, that was beloved after his meanes ?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst thou
ever know belov'd ?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I understand thee : thou had'st some meanes to keepe a
Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neere compare to
thy Flatterers ?

Tim. Women neerest, but men : men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power ?

Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thy selfe fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee : if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse : If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee ; and still thou liv'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee, & oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Unicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse : wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leopard : wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subject to a Beast : and what a Beast art thou already, that seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter :
The plague of Company light upon thee :
I will feare to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,

He see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alive.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, He beate thee ;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art alive, I swoond to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone
by thee.

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meere necessities upon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave :
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy grave stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare divorce
 Twixt naturall Sunne and fire : thou bright defiler
 Of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
 Thou ever, yong, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
 That lyes on Dians lap.
 Thou visible God,
 That souldrest close Impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kisse ; that speak'st with everie Tongue
 To everie purpose : O thou touch of hearts,
 Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
 Set them into confounding oddees, that Beasts
 May have the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,
 But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold :
 Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too ?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
 Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he have this Gold ? It is some poore Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder : the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, drove him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
 He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily : if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 True : for he beares it not about him :
 'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee ?

All. Where ?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He ? I know him.

All. Save thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeves.

All. Soldiers, not Theeves.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeves, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat :
Why should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes :
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs :
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want ? why Want ?

1 We cannot live on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeves profest : that you worke not
In holier shapes : For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeves
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feavor seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob : Take wealth, and lives together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theevery :
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
 From gen'rall excrement : each thing's a Theefe.
 The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
 Ha's uncheck'd Theft. Love not your selves, away,
 Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
 All that you meete are Theeves : to Athens go,
 Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
 But Theeves do loose it : steale lesse, for this I give you,
 And Gold confound you howsoere : Amen.

3. Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perswading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ile beleeve him as an Enemy,
 And give over my Trade.

1 Let us first see peace in Athens, there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeves.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. O you Gods !

Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord ?
 Full of decay and fayling ? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !
 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made ?
 What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
 Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest enda.
 How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
 When man was wisht to love his Enemies :
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischcefe me, then those that doo.
 Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieve
 Unto him ; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.
 My deereat Master.

Tim. Away : what art thou ?

Stew.

Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :
I never had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Nev'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde : whose eyes do never give,
But thorow Lust and Laughter : pittie's sleeping :
Strange times that weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face : Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgive my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man : Mistake me not, but one :
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I have hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all save thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise :
For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service :
For many so arrive at second Masters,

Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, covetous,
If not a Usuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in retorne twenty for one ?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knowes, is meerely Love,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your unmatched minde.
Care of your Food and Living, and beleeve it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so : thou singly honest man,
Heere take : the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men :
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releev the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases licke up their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses

Stay not : flye, whil'st thou art blest and free :
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit.

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where
he abides.

Post. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold ?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrynia* and *Timandyle*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Post. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends ?

Painter. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest :
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his :
It will shew honestly in us,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they travaile for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Post. What have you now
'To present unto him ?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation : onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Post. I must serve him so too ;
'T'll him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time ;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of use.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable ;

Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him :
It must be a personating of himselfe :
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discoverie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke ?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men ?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True :
When the day serves before blacke-corner'd night ;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne :
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Master,

Timon. Have I once liv'd
To see two honest men ?

Poet.

Sir :

Having often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends false off,
Whose thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heaven, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gave life and influence
To their whole being ? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best scene, and knowne.

Pain.

He, and my selfe

Have travail'd in the great showre of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it,

Timon.

I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come

To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honest men :

Why how shall I requite you ?

Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no ?

Both. What we can do,

Wee'l do to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men,

Y'have heard that I have Gold,

I am sure you have, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore

Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men : Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to us.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord ?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, love him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I love you well, Ile give you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this :
But two in Company :
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company :

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
 Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
 But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
 Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaves.
 You have worke for me ; there's payment, thence,
 You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that :
 Out Rascall dogges.

*Exeunt.**Enter Steward, and two Senators.*

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon* :
 For he is set so onely to himselfe,
 That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
 To speake with *Timon*.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same : 'twas Time and Greefes
 That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
 Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
 The former man may make him : bring us to him
 And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Cave :

Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
 Looke out, and speake to Friends : Th'Athenians
 By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee :
 Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
 Speake and be hang'd :
 For each true word, a blister, and each false
 Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking.

1

Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 O forget
What we are sorry for our selves in thee :
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best use and wearing.

2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse ;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I even such heapes and summes of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares ;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so please thee to returne with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with Authoritie : so soone we shall drive backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
He teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne use invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let them take his haste ;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle :
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end :
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine ;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead : let us returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto us

In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his Files
As full as thy report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust : In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt.

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere ? Speake hoa. No answer ? What is this ?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this : There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read : the Charrafter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill ;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes :
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Towne,
Our terrible approach. *Sounds a Parly.*

The Senators appeare upon the wals.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Justice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traverst Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more : Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young ;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties love
By humble message, and by promist meanes :
We were not all unkinde, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receyv'd your greefe : Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophies, Schools shold fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you first went out,
 (Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
 Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
 Into our City with thy Banners spread,
 By decimation and a tythed death ;
 If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
 Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
 Let dye the spotted.

1 All have not offended :
 For those that were, it is not square to take
 On those that are, Revenge : Crimes, like Lands
 Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
 Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
 Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
 With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
 Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
 Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
 Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope :
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Glove,
 Or any Token of thine Honour else,
 That thou wilt use the warres as thy redresse,
 And not as our Confusion : All thy Powers
 Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
 Desend and open your uncharged Ports,
 Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne

Whom you your selves shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more ; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Justice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publike Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken,

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away : whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

*Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name. A Plague consume you, wicked Caiifs left :
Heere lye I Timon, who alive, all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorrd'st in us our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall ; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will use the Olive, with my Sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.



THE ACTORS NAMES.



TYMON of Athens.

Lucius,

And

Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Post.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Alchemist.

Christine Servants.

Christine Masters.

Christine Thieves.

Alchemists, one of Tymons Servants.

Alchemists, another.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists, one of Tymons Native Friends.

Alchemists.

Alchemists.

Alchemists, another.

Alchemists.

General Servants to Usurers.





Portrait of
Mrs. J. H. H.



THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius.



Ence : home you idle Creatures, get you home :
Is this a Holiday ? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession ? Speake, what Trade art thou ?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule ?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on ?
You sir, what Trade are you ?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as
you would say, a Coblér.

Mur. But what Trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe Con-
science, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knave ? Thou naughty knave, what
Trade ?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me : yet if you
be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that ? Mend mee, thou sawcy
Fellow ?



JULIUS CÉSAR.

Act III. Sc. I.

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senselesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?

Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there have sate

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,

Have you not made an Universall shout,

That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes

To heare the replication of your sounds,

Made in her Concave Shores?

And do you now put on your best attyre?

And do you now cull out a Holyday?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,

That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*s blood?

Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Ela. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse :
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I : Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so ?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees : Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets ;
So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare above the view of men,
And keepe us all in servile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt.

*Enter Cesar, Antony for the Course, Calpburnia, Portia, Decius,
Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer : after them
Murellus and Flavius.*

Ces. *Calpburnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cesar* speakes.

Ces.

Calpburnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Ces. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cesar*, my Lord.

Ces. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calpburnia* : for our Elders say,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
When *Caesar* sayes, Do this ; it is perform'd.

Ces. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Cesar.

Ces. Ha ? Who calles ?

Cask. Bid every noyse be still : peace yet againe.

Ces. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me ?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Caesar* : Speake. *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Ces. What man is that ?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Ces. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Caesar*.

Ces. What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once againe.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Ces. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him : Passe.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom : I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony* :
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires ;
Ile leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes, that gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have :
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

Brut. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Meerely upon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which give some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours :
But let not therefore my good Friends be greev'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Love to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face ?

Brutus. No *Cassius* :
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow :
I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoake,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius* ?
That you would have me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare :
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection ; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your selfe,
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus* :
 Were I a common Laughter, or did use
 To stale with ordinary Oathes my love
 To every new Protester : if you know,
 That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
 And after scandall them : Or if you know,
 That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
 To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showing ?
 I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*
 For their King.

Cassi. I, do you feare it ?
 Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well :
 But wherefore do you hold me heere so long ?
 What is it, that you would impart to me ?
 If it be ought toward the generall good,
 Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
 And I will looke on both indifferently :
 For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
 The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, Honor is the subject of my Story :
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Thinke of this life. But for my single selfe,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
 I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee,
 For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
 The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Cesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
 Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow : so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cesar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
 I (as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tyred *Cesar* : and this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cesar* carelesly but nod on him.
 He had a Feaver when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake : 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre : I did heare him grone :
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As a sicke Girle : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Majesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout ?
 I do beleeve, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cesar*.
Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cesar* : What should be in that *Cesar* ?
Why should that name be sounded more then yours ?
Write them together : Yours, is as faire a Name :
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell :
Weigh them, it is as heavy : Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Cesar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meate doth this our *Cesar* feede,
That he is growne so great ? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man ?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O ! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :
What you would worke me too, I have some ayme :
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further moov'd : What you have said,
I will consider : what you have to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meeete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this :

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Have stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so : but looke you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsars* brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine ;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seene him in the Capitoll
Being crosst in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.

Ces. Antonio.

Ant. Cæsar.

Ces. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights :
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Ces. Would he were fatter ; But I feare him not :
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should avoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,

He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony* : he heares no Musicke ;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare : for alwayes I am *Caesar*.
Come on my right hand, for this care is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit. Exeunt Caesar and his Train.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me ?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* lookes so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him ; & being offer'd
him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the
people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noyæ for ?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice ?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, everie time
gentler then other ; and at every putting by, mine honest Neigh-
bors showed.

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne ?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it : It

was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Cæsar*: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyving the bad Ayre.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swoound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest *Caska*, we have the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus and away.

Cass. I.

Cass. Did *Caesar* say any thing ?

Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect ?

Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile we're looke you i'th'face againe. But those that undermood him, smild at one another, and shooke their heads : but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too : *Murdelus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfes off *Caesar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet ; if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Cass* ?

Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow ?

Cass. I, if I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cass. Doe so : farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be ?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-ever he puts on this tardie forme :
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomacke to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is :

For this time I will leave you :
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you : or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so : till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble : yet I see,
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes :
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In severall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name : wherein obscurely
Cæsar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska* : brought you *Cæsar* home ?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so ?
Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirme ? O *Cicero*,
I have seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knottie Oakes, and I have seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds :
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Civill strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incensæs them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull ?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches joyn'd ; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,

Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Upon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noone-day, upon the Market place,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conjoyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall :
For I beleeve, they are portentous things
Unto the Clymate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleans from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow ?

Cask. He doth : for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska* :
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there ?

Cask. A *Romane*.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this ?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so ?

Cassi. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night ;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone :

And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heaven, I did present my selfe
Even in the ayme, and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*.
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you use not:
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Unto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me.
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,

And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King:

And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then ;

Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius* :

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong ;

Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,

Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :

But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,

Never lacks power to dismissee it selfe.

If I know this, know all the World besides,

That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,

I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask.

So can I :

So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares

The power to cancell his Captivitie.

Cassi. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then ?

Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,

But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe :

He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.

Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,

Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome ?

What Rubbish, and what Offall ? when it serves

For the base matter, to illuminate

So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Griefe,

Where hast thou led me ? I (perhaps) speake this

Before a willing Bond-man : then I know

My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,

That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand :
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence ;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch : for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, on walking in the streetes ;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most Bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.

Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so ?

Cinna. To finde out you : Who's that, *Metellus Cymber* ?

Cassi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna* ?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this ?
There's two or three of us have seene strange sights.

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it : and throw this
In at his Window : set this up with Waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue : all this done,

Repaire to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there ?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymbel*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house : Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeys* Theater. *Exit Cinna.*
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts :
And that which would appeare Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchyme,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited : let us goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe ?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Give guesse how neere to day—*Lucius*, I say ?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when ? awake, I say : what *Lucius* ?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you my Lord ?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius* :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Exit.

Brut. It must be by his death : and for my part,

I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd :
How that might change his nature, there's the question ?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves warie walking : Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power : And to speake truth of *Caesar*,
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face :
But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend : so *Caesar* may ;
Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities :
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous ;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir :
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day :
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thy selfe :

Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have beene often dropt,

Where I have tooke them up :

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out :

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe ? What Rome ?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike ? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receivest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes. *Knocks within.*

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks :

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,

I have not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,

And the first motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame :

The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments

Are then in councell ; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native æmblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and Trebonius.*

Cass. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymbel*.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East : doth not the Day breake heere ?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd :
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath : if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse ;
If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed :
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
To pricke us to redresse ? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs : Unto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt ; but do not staine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance

Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a severall Bastardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I thinke he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let us have him, for his Silver haire
Will purchase us a good opinion :
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds :
It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not ; let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Caesar*?

Cas. *Decius* well urg'd : I thinke it is not meet,

Marke Antony, so well belov'd of *Caesar*,
Should out-live *Caesar*, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes :
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards :
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Caesar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius* :
We all stand up against the spirit of *Caesar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood :

O that we then could come by *Cesars* Spirit,
And not dismember *Cesar*! But (alas)
Cesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully :
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carcasse fit for Hounds :
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him :
For he can do no more then *Cesars* Arme,
When *Cesars* head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,

For in the ingrafted love he beares to *Cesar*.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him :

If he love *Cesar*, all that he can do

Is to himselfe ; take thought, and dye for *Cesar*,

And that were much he should : for he is given

To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him ; let him not dye,

For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter. *Clocke strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cas.

The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass.

But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether *Cesar* will come forth to day, or no :

For he is Superstitious growne of late,

Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,

Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent Prodigies,

The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,

And the perswasion of his Augurers,

May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Never feare that : If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him : For he loves to heare,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me worke :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Caesar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's :
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And friends disperse your selves ; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With untyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy : *Lucius* : Fast asleepe ? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber :
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. *Portia* : What meane you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed : and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave signe for me to leave you : So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe ;
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do : good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke ? And is it Physicall
To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humours
Of the danke Morning ? What, is *Brutus* sicke ?
And will he steale out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night ?

And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
To adde unto his sicknesse ? No my *Brutus*,
You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of : And upon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your selfe ; your halfe
Why you are heavy : and what men to night
Have had resort to you : for heere have beene
Some sixe or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you ? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation ?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
I graunt I am a Woman ; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife :
I graunt I am a Woman ; but withall,
A Woman well reputed : *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded ?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em :
I have made strong prooffe of my Constancie,

Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
 Heere, in the Thigh : Can I beare that with patience,
 And not my Husbands Secrets ?

Bru. O ye Gods !

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*

Harke, harke, one knockes : *Portia* go in a while,
 And by and by thy bosome shall partake
 The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
 All the Charraftery of my sad browes :

Leave me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how ?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose our brave *Caius*
 To weare a Kerchiefe ? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
 Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
 I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
 Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
 Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
 And I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A peece of worke,
 That will make sicke men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke ?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Thunder.

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night :
Thrice hath *Calpurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho : They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar* ? Think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth ; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe : When they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me : There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and scene,
Recounts most horrid sights scene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre

Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll :
The noiae of Battell hurtled in the Ayre :
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do feare them.

Cæs. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods ?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth : for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Culp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once :
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers ?

Ser. They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice :
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare :
No *Cæsar* shall not ; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Culp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :
Do not go forth to day : Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day :
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.

Cesar. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Cesar*, all haile : Good morrow worthy *Cesar*.
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cas. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day :
Cannot, is false : and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Cas. Shall *Cesar* send a Lye ?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Grey-beards the truth :
Decius, go tell them, *Cesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Cesar* let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cas. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home :
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood : and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate :

Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reviving blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calpurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Ces. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake up the Senate, till another time :
When *Caesars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Caesar* is affraid ?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this :
And reason to my love is liable.

Ces. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calpurnia* ?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna,
and Publius.*

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Ces. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too ?

Good morrow *Caska* : *Caius Ligarius*,

Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke ?

Bru. *Caesar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Ces. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cnsar*.

Cas. Bid them prepare within :
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus* : what *Trebonius*,
I have an houres talke in store for you :
Remember that you call on me to day :
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cesar* I will : and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Cas. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earne to thinke upon. *Excunt.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cesar, beware of *Brutus*, take heede of *Cassius* ; come not neere
Caska, have an eye to *Cynna*, trust not *Trebonius*, marke well
Metellus Cymber, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not : Thou hast wrong'd
Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is
bent against *Cesar* : If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you :
Security gives way to *Conspiracie*. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Cesar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this :
My heart lamenta, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cesar*, thou mayest live ;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why doest thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there :

O Constance, be strong upon my side ;
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue :
I have a mans minde, but a womans might :
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else ?
And so returne to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that ?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well :
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin ?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke ?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll ?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me :
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
 Much that I feare may chance :
 Good morrow to you : heere the street is narrow :
 The throng that followes *Caesar* at the heeles,
 Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
 Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death.
 Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
 Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along. *Exit.*

Por. I must go in :
 Aye me. How weake a thing
 The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
 The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.
 Sure the Boy heard me : *Brutus* hath a suite
 That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint :
 Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
 Say I am merry ; Come to me againe
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Sooth-sayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Caesar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Caesar* : Read this Scedule.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
 (At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Caesar*, reade mine first : for mine's a suite
 That touches *Caesar* neerer. Read it great *Caesar*.

Cas. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Caesar*, read it instantly.

Cas. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius* ?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena* ?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive :
I feare our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar* : marke him.

Cassi. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare prevention.
Brutus what shall be done ? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant :

Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time : for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently prefer his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest : presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amisse,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse ?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber* :
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond
To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
 Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning :
 Thy Brother by decree is banished :
 If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
 I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way :
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
 To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,
 For the repealing of my banish'd Brother ?

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar* :
 Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
 Have an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cæs. What *Brutus* ?

Cassi. Pardon *Cæsar* : *Cæsar* pardon :
 As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
 To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
 If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me :
 But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
 Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the Firmament.
 The Skies are painted with unnumberd sparkes,
 They are all Fire, and every one doth shine :
 But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the World ; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
 And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number, I do know but One
 That unassayleable holds on his Ranke,
 Unshak'd of Motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this :
 That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remaine to keepe him so,

Cinna. O *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Hence : Wilt thou lift up Olympus

Decius. Great Cæsar.

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me. *They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et Tu Brutè?*——Then fall *Cæsar.* *Dyes.*

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance——

Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius.*

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*, least that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi. Where is *Antony?*

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:

So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood
Up to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords :
Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknowne ?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust ?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cassi. I, every man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere ? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele ;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say :
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest ;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loving :
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worse :
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied : and by my Honor
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may : But yet have I a minde
That feares him much : and my misgiving still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony* :

Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar* ! Dost thou lye so lowe ?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure ? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke.
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths houre ; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords ; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony* ! Begge not your death of us :
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,

As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do : Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding businesse they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull :
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony* :
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome :
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you ;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand ;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours ; now yours *Metellus*,
Yours *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Caska* yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all : Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true :
If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes ?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,

Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, then to close
 In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me *Julius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave *Hart*,
 Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethce.
 O World! thou wast the Forrest to this *Hart*,
 And this indeed, O World, the *Hart* of thee.
 How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
 Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius* :
 The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this :
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassi. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so:
 But what compact meane you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
 Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle :
 Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
 And am moreover sutor, that I may
 Produce his body to the Market-place,
 And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
 Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall Marke *Antony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a word with you :

You know not what you do ; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon :
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cesars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission :
And that we are contented *Cesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cesars* body :
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame us,
But speake all good you can devise of *Cesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth :
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men ;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre.
 All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
 And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
 Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
 That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
 With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
 O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge : get thee a-part and weepe :
 Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
 And tell him what hath chanc'd :
 Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
 Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
 Into the Market place : There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the people take
 The cruell issue of these bloody men,
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pl. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other streete,

And part the Numbers :

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere ;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsars* death.

1. *Pl.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,

When severally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeve. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cesar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cesar*, this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Cesar* lesse, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cesar* were living, and dye all Slaves ; then that *Cesar* were dead, to live all Free-men ? As *Cesar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him ; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it ; as he was Valiant, I honour him : But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Love : Joy, for his Fortune : Honor, for his Valour : and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey ? If any, speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is enroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.

2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. *Cæsars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his House

With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,

And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech

Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*

(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit.

1 Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go up into the publike Chaire,

Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus* ?

3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere ?

1 This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine :
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let us heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him :

The evill that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious :

If it were so, it was a greivous Fault,

And greivously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Heere, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all ; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me ;

But *Brutus* sayes he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill :

Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious ?

When that the poore have cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious :

And sure he is an Honourable man.
 I speake not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know ;
 You all did love him once, nor without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him ?
 O Judgement ! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,
 And I must pause, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar ha's had great wrong.

3 Ha's hee Masters ? I feare there will a worse come in his place.

4 Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the Crown,
 Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
 Have stood against the World : Now lies he there,
 And none so poore to do him reverence.

O Maisters ! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong :
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will :

Let but the Commons heare this Testament :
 (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
 And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,

And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood ;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Unto their issue.

4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will ; we will heare *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it,

It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you :
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men,
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it ?

4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony* :

You shall reade us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient ? Will you stay a-while ?

I have o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar* : I do feare it.

4 They were Traitors : Honourable men ?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villaines, Murderers : the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will :

Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will :
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

All. Come downe.

2 Descend.

3 You shall have leave.

4 A Ring, stand round.

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.

All. Stand backe : roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember
 The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
 That day he overcame the *Nervii*.
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious *Caska* made :
 Through this, the wel-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,
 And as he pluck'd his curs'd Steele away :
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolv'd
 If *Brutus* so unkindely knock'd, or no :
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
 Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lov'd him :
 This was the most unkindest cut of all.
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his Mighty heart,
 And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
 Even at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen ?
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell downe,
 Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us,
 O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele
 The dint of pittie : These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded ? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pitteous spectacle !
2. O Noble *Cæsar* !
3. O wofull day !
4. O Traitors, Villaines !
1. O most bloody sight !
2. We will be reveng'd : Revenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you up
To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny :
They that have done this Deede, are honourable.
What private greefes they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it : They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is ;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publike leave to speake of him :
For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on :
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me : But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cesar*, that should move
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake.

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath *Cesar* thus deserv'd your loves ?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then :
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seale :

To every Roman Citizen he gives,

To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Pl.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l revenge his death.

3 *Pl.* O Royall *Cæsar*.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe.

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,

His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,

And to your heyres for ever : common pleasures

To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.

Heere was a *Cæsar* : when comes such another ?

1. *Pl.* Never, never : come, away, away :

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take up the body.

2. *Pl.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Pl.* Plucke downe Benches.

4. *Pl.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke : Mischeeffe thou art a-foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie :
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name ?
2. Whether are you going ?
3. Where do you dwell ?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor ?
2. Answer every man directly.
1. I, and briefly.
4. I, and wisely.
3. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whether am I going ? Where do
I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour ? Then to
answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly : wisely
I say, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie : you'l
beare me a bang for that I feare : proceede directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsar's* Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy ?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling : briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, tear him ; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands : to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska's* ; some to *Ligarius* : Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Octa. Your Brother too must dye : consent you *Lepidus* ?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke *Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live ; looke, with a spot I dam him.

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house :

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What ? shall I finde you heere ?

Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on Errands : is it fit

The three-fold World divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it ?

Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and swet under the Businesse,

Either led or driven, as we point the way :
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.

Oth. You may do your will :
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Othavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on :
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so :
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren spirited Fellow ; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property : and now *Othavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levyng Powers ; We must straight make head :
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let us presently go sit in Councell,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Oth. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischiefes.

Exeunt.

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and the Army. *Tutinius*
and *Pindarus* meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere ?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you : let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling : Ever note *Lucillius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith :
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle :

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Jades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on ?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriv'd :
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me you Gods ; wrong I mine Enemies ?

And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,

Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere

(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away :

Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,

And I will give you Audience.

Cassi. *Pindarus*,

Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucillus*, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.

Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :

You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*

For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians ;

Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe,

Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,

To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me.
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man.

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cass. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heaven, I had rather Coine my Heart,

And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me : was that done like *Cassius* ?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Covetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my hart :
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities ;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World :
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast : Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold :
If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart :
Strike as thou did'st at *Cesar* : For I know,

When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loved'st him better
Then ever thou loved'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And strait is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cassi. Do you confesse so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cassi. O *Brutus* !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfull.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame you Generals ; what do you meane ?
Love, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime ?

Bru. Get you hence sirra : Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time :
What should the Warres do with these Jigging Fooles ?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone. *Exit Post.*

Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cas. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidentall evils.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha ? *Portia* ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How escap'd I killing, when I crost you so ?
O insupportable, and touching losse !
Upon what sicknesse ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong : For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortall Gods !

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her : Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*. *Drinker.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup :
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius* :

Welcome good *Messala* :

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Cass. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have heere received Letters,

That yong *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*

Come downe upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,

Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,

Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree :

Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de

By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. Cicero one ?

Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription.

Had you your Letters from your wife my Lord ?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Messa. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you ?

Heare you ought of her, in yours ?

Messa. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,

For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia* : We must die *Messala* :

With meditating that she must dye once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Messa. Even so great men, great losse shold indure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you.

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cassi. This it is :

'Tis better that the Enemy seeke us,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better :
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection :
For they have grug'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd :
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tride the utmost of our Friends :
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on : wee'l along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest :
There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne : farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius* : Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother :
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'twene our soules :
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farwell every one. *Exeunt.*
Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument ?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poore knave I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
He have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not have it so : Lye downe good ains,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold up thy heavie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe :
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune : O Murd'rous slumbler !

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke ? Gentle knave good night :

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading ? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha ! Who comes heere ?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me : Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Divell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare ?
Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus* ?

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut. Well : then I shall see thee againe ?

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then :
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs : Awake :
Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out ?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st : Did'st thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius* : Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou : Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe ?

Both. Did we my Lord ?

Bru. I : saw you any thing ?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius* :
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt.

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come downe,
 But keepe the Hilles and upper Regions :
 It proves not so : their battailes are at hand,
 They meane to warne us at *Philippi* heere :
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : They could be content
 To visit other places, and come downe
 With fearefull bravery : thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage ;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew :
 Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on
 Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not crosse you : but I will do so.

*March.**Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we give signe of Battaile ?

Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stirre not untill the Signall.

Bru. Words before blowes : is it so Countrymen?

Oba. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Obavius*.

An. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words,
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cesars* heart,
Crying long live, Haile *Cesar*.

Cassi.

Antony,

The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne ;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Hony-lesse.

Ant.

Not stinglesse too.

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too :

For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains : you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cesar* :
You shew'd your teethes like Apea,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cesars* feete :
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Oba. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us swet,
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops :
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe ?
Never till *Cesars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another *Cesar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Cesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Oba.

So I hope :

I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony* : away :
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field ;
If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke :

The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho *Lucilius*, hearke, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

Cassi. *Messala*.

Messa. What sayes my Generall ?

Cassi. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day : as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala* :

Be thou my witness, that against my will

(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set

Upon one Battell all our Liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his Opinion : Now I change my minde,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* heere consorted us :

This Morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites

Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on us

As we were sickely prey ; their shadowes seeme

A Canopy most fatall, under which

Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeve not so.

Cassi. I but beleeve it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillus.*

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together :
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how :
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That governe us below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no :
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not :
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus* :
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come :
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Excunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Billes
Unto the Legions, on the other side. *Lowd Alarum.*
Let them set on at once : for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Obavio's* wing :
And sodaine push gives them the overthrow :
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Excunt.*

Alarums. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye :
My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy :
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Obavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly : his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pandarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord : flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord :
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes,
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought.

Exit.

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thicke : regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes ?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes ?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him :
Now *Titinius*. Now some light : O he lights too.
Hee's tane.

Showt.

And hearke, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more :
O Coward that I am, to live so long.
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah : In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer : Heere, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have beene
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,

Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that art not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,

And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while :
 Why did'st thou send me forth brave *Cassius* ?
 Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
 Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
 And bid me give it thee ? Did'st thou not heare their showts.
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius* :
 By your leave Gods : This is a Romans part,
 Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*, *Strato*, *Volumnius*,
 and *Lucillius*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye ?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
 Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
 In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,

Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?
 The last of all the Romans, far thee well :

It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares

To this dead man, you shall see me pay.

I shall finde time, *Cassius* : I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,

Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,

And come yong *Cato*, let us to the Field,

Labio and *Flavio* set our Battailes on :

'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Country-men : O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaime my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers and fight.

And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend : Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe ?

Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc.

Onely I yeeld to dye :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight :

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not : a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Roome hoe : tell *Antony, Brutus* is tane.

1 *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee ?

Luc. Safe *Antony, Brutus* is safe enough :

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus* :

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth ; keepe this man safe,
 Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have
 Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
 And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
 And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent :
 How every thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this Rocke.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
 He came not backe : he is or tane, or slaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus* : slaying is the word,
 It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord ? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no worda.

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed ?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus* : looke he meditatea.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,
 That it runnes over even at his eye.

Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord ?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius* :

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
 Two severall times by Night : at *Sardia*, once ;
 And this last Night, here in *Philippi* fields :
 I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
 Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit :

Low Alarums

It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,
 Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
 Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together :
 Even for that our love of old, I prethee
 Hold thou my Sword Hilt, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe :

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen :

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this loosing day

More then *Obavius*, and *Marke Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History :

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru.

Hence : I will follow.

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect.

Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato* ?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Cæsar*, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dyes.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Obavius, Messala, Lucilius,
 and the Army.*

Oba. What man is that ?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him :
For *Brutus* onely overcame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Osa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Osa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Obavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to thy Master.

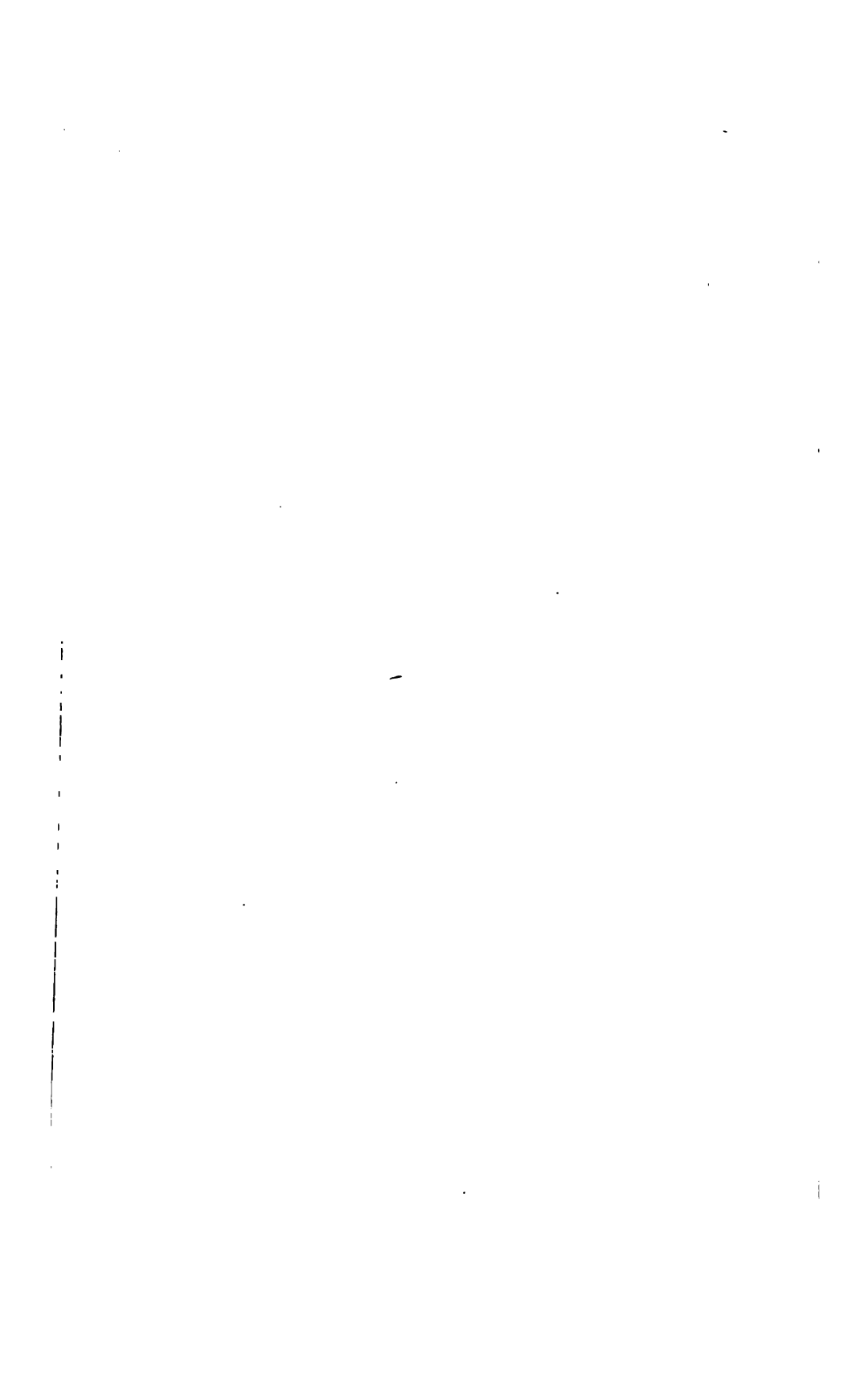
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all :
All the Conspirators save onely hee,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Caesar* :
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Osa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
With all Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably :
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.







MACBETH.


Act IV. Sc. I.



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.  Hen shall we three meet againe ?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine ?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
1. Where the place ?
2. Upon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

All. Padock calls anon : faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox,
with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that ? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought

'Gainst my Captivitie : Haile brave friend ;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art. The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westernne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore : but all's too weake :
For brave *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slave :
Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave toth'Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders :
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells : Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquoh ?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles ;
Or the Hare, the Lyon :
If I say sooth, I must report they were

As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell : but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both : Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes ?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane* ?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now, *Sueno*, the Norwayes King,
Craves composition.
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynh,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest : Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Ross. He see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:

Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes,
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:

But in a Syve Ile thither sayle,

And like a Rat without a tayle,

Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile give thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe have all the other,

And the very Ports they blow,

All the Quarters that they know,

I'th' Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:

Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day

Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:

He shall live a man forbid:

Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.

Looke what I have.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme :
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Upon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope.
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,

And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
 Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
 Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happyer.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none :

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more :

By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
 But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives
 A prosperous Gentleman : And to be King,
 Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
 No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
 Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
 With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
 And these are of them : whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre : and what seem'd corporall,
 Melted, as breath into the Winde.
 Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane Root,
 That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too : went it not so?

Banq. Toth'selfe-same tune and words : who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,

The newes of thy successe : and when he reade
 Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,
 His Wonders and his Prayes doe contend,
 Which should be thine, or his : silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,
 He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
 Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
 Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
 Can post with post, and every one did beare
 Thy prayes in his Kingdomes great defence,
 And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
 To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
 Onely to harrold thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
 He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor :
 In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
 For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Devill speake true ?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives :
 Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes ?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
 But under heavie Judgement beares that Life,
 Which he deserves to loose.
 Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
 Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
 And vantage ; or that with both he labour'd
 In his Countreyes wracke, I know not,
 But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor :
 The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
 Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
 When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,

Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen :
The supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good.
If ill ? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth ? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good ? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the use of Nature ? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings :
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastically,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay upon your leysure.

Macb. Give me your favour :
 My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
 Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
 Where every day I turne the Leafe,
 To reade them.
 Let us toward the King : thinke upon
 What hath chanc'd : and at more time,
 The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
 Our free Hearts each to other.

Bang. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough :
 Come frienda.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbane, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* ?
 Or not those in Commission yet return'd ?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
 But I have spoke with one that saw him die :
 Who did report, that very frankly hee
 Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
 And set forth a deepe Repentance :
 Nothing in his Life became him,
 Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
 As one that had beene studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
 To finde the Mindes construction in the Face :
 He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
 An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
 O worthyest Cousin,

The sinne of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine : onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The service, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties :
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants ; which doe but what they should,
By doing everything safe toward your Love
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to have done so : Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonne, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland : which Honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Envernea,
And binde us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not us'd for you :
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach :
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland : that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires :
The Eye winke at the Hand ; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo* : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed :
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome :
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe : and I have learn'd
by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortall know-
ledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made
themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all-bail'd me
Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weyward Sisters
saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with haile King
that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest
Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoyce-
ing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd : yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th'Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without

The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily : would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne,
Should'st have, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To have thee crown'd withall.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our *Thane* is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.

Lady.

Give him tending,

He brings great newes.

Exit Messenger.

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie : make thick my blood,
Stop up th'accesses, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,

Where-ever, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue : looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This Nights great Businessse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke up cleare :
To alter favor, ever is to feare :
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
Unto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here : no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt : I have observ'd
The ayre is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse :
The Love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majestie loades our House :
For these of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?
We courtst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor : But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before us : Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand :
Conduēt me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Ho-boys. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Disbes and Service
over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Mach. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly : If th'Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe : that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgment heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inventer. This even-handed Justice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust ;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
Strong both against the Deed : Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke ; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off :

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightlesse Curriours of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other.

Enter Lady.

How now? What newes?

La. He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Business:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Mac. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:

And to be more then what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
 Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
 I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
 Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
 And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
 As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should faile ?

Lady. We faile ?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
 And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
 (Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
 Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
 Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,
 That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
 Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
 A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
 Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
 What cannot you and I performe upon
 Th'unguarded *Duncan* ? What not put upon
 His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
 Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely :
 For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
 Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepeie two
 Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
 That they have don't ?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
 Upon his Death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
 False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe : I have not heard the Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword :

There's Husbandry in Heaven,

Their Candles are all out : take thee that too.

A heavie Summons lyes like Lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleepe :

Mercifull Powers, restraints in me the cursed thoughts

That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword : who's there ?

Mach. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest ? the King's a bed.

He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure,

And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.

This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,

By the name of most kind Hostesse,

And shut up in measurelesse content.

Mac.

Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Banq.

All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters :

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Mach.

I thinke not of them.

Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir : the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine ?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing :
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe : Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccats* Offerings : and wither'd Murther,
Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, towards his designe
 Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
 Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
 Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done : the Bell invites me.
 Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold :
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
 Hearke, peace : it was the Owle that shriek'd,
 The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
 He is about it, the Doores are open :
 And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
 With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
 That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
 Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ? what hoa ?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done : th'attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us : hearke : I lay'd their Daggers ready,
 He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
 My Father as he slept, I had don't.
 My Husband ?

Macb. I have done the deed :

Didst thou not heare a noyse ?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber ?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other :
I stood, and heard them : But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands :
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen ?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes : so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more :
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House :
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*

Shall sleepe no more : *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd ? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things : Goe get some Water,
And wash this filthie Witsnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place ?
They must lye there : goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepeie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more :
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done :
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose :
Give me the Daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures : 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit. Knocke within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me ?
What Hands are here ? hah : they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand ? no : this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour : but I shame
To weare a Heart so white.

Knocke.

I heare a knocking at the South entry :

Retyre we to our Chamber :

A little Water cleares us of this deed.

How easie is it then ? your Constancie

Hath left you unattended.

Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call us,

And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knock.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially provoke?

Port. MARRY, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine. Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes : it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore such Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Lecherie : it makes him, and it murtheres him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it perswades him, and dis-heartens him ; makes him stand too, and not stand too ; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I beleeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, the very Throat on me : but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometimes, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring ?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him : here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you :
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine :
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day ?

Macb. He does : he did appoint so.

Lenox. The Night ha's been unruly :

Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre ;
Strange Schreemes of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
 Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
 New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
 The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
 Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
 And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
 A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
 Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece :
 Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
 The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
 The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life ?

Lenox. Meane you his Majestie ?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
 With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake :
 See, and then speake your selves : awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell : Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine* : *Malcolme* awake,
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
 And looke on Death it selfe : up, up, and see
 The great Doomes Image : *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
 As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse ?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the House ? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake :
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas :
What in our House ?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time : for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie :
All is but Toyes : Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse ?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't :
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't :
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes : they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
 Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man :
 Th'expedition of my violent Love
 Out-ran the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
 His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
 And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
 For Ruines wastefull entrance : there the Murtherers,
 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refraine,
 That had a heart to love ; and in that heart,
 Courage, to make's love knowne ?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
 That most may clayme this argument for ours ?

Donal. What should be spoken here,
 Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
 May rush, and seize us ? Let's away,
 Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow,
 Upon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady :
 And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure ; let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of worke,
 To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us :
 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight
 Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
 And meet i'th'Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Mal. What will you doe ?

Let's not consort with them :
To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
He to England.

Don. To Ireland, I :
Our separated fortune shall keepe us both the safer :
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted : and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange : but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans A&,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe :
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light should kisse it ?

Old man. 'Tis unnaturall,
Even like the deed that's done : On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,

(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, srong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:
To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven up
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

*Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had been forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble eye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall have cause of State,
Craving us joyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you.
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Excunt Lords.

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
 To act in safetie. There is none but he,
 Whose being I doe feare, and under him,
 My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters.
 When first they put the Name of King upon me,
 And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
 They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
 Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
 Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,
 No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
 For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd my Minde,
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
 Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell
 Given to the common Enemie of Man,
 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
 Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
 And champion me to th'utterance.
 Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb.

Well then,

Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
 Know, that it was he, in the times past,
 Which held you so under fortune,
 Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
 This I made good to you, in our last conference,
 Past in probation with you:
 How you were borne in hand, how crost:
 The Instruments: who wrought with them:

And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to us.

Macb. I did so :
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe ?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heavie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever ?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd : whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'th'worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart ; and love of us,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Macb.* And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Macb. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make love,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives—

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace : alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse ; and with him
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke :
Fleane, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre : resolve your selves apart,
He come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call upon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded : *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court ?

Servant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on : things without all remedie
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it :
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly : Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, have sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Grave :

After Life's fitfull Fever, he sleepes well,

Treason he's done his worst : nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, fortune Lewie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on :

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Joviall among your Guests to Night.

Mach. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you :

Let your remembrance apply to *Banques*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue :
Unseale the while, that wee must have
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Mach. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife :
Thou know'st, that *Banques* and his *Fleas* live.

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Mach. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund : ere the Bat hath downe
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drownie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Mach. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed : Come, seeling Night,
Sharpe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth'Rookie Wood :
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia.**Enter three Murderers.*

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. *Macbeth.*2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.1. Then stand with us.
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurs the lated Traveller apace.
To gayne the timely inne, and neere approaches
The subject of our Watch.3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.2. Then 'tis hee :
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th'Court.1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.*Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.*

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie !Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye.

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave !

3. Who did strike out the Light ?

1. Was't not the way ?

I had else beene perfect ;
 Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
 As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre :
 But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
 To sawcy doubt, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe ?

Mur. I, my good Lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
 The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thankes for that :
 There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
 Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
 No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
 Wee'l heare our selves againe. *Exit Murderer.*

Lady. My Royall Lord,
 You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making :
 'Tis given, with welcome : to feede were best at home :
 From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
 Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer :
 Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
 And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present :
 Who, may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
 Then pittie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
 Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
 To grace us with your Royall Company ?

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir

Macb. Where ?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends : my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.

La. O proper stufte :
This is the very painting of your feare :
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam : shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there :
Behold, looke, loe, how say you :
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, backe ; qur Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.

La. What ? quite unmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.
Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Stature purg'd the gentle Weale :

I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
 Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
 That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
 And there an end : But now they rise againe
 With twenty mortall Murthers on their crownes,
 And push us from our stooles. This is more strange
 Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
 Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget :
 Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
 Then Ile sit downe : Give me some Wine, fill full :

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall joy o'th'whole Table,
 And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom me misse :
 Would he were heere : to all, and him we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac. Avant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee :
 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold :
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
 But as a thing of Custome : 'Tis no other,
 Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
 And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword :
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
 The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,

Unrell mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe : pray you sit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Cloud,
Without our speciall wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rasse. What sights, my Lord ?

La. I pray you speake not : he growes worse & worse.
Question enrages him : at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood they say :
Blood will have Blood :

Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake :
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night ?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir ?

Macb. I heare it by the way : But I will send :
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake : for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe : My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use :
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angrily ?

Hec. Have I not reason (*Beldams*) as you are ?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death ;
And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art ?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now : Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning : thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside ;
I am for th'Ayre : This night Ile spend
Unto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Great business must be wrought ere Noon.
 Upon the Corner of the Moone
 There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
 Ile catch it ere it come to ground ;
 And that distill'd by Magicke sighs,
 Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
 He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
 His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Feare :
 And you all know, Security
 Is Mortals cheefest Enemy. *Musicks, and a Song.*
 Hearke, I am call'd : my little Spirit see
 Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.
Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.
 1 Come, let's make hast, shee'l soon be
 Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
 Have but hit your Thoughts
 Which can interpret farther : Onely I say
 Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pittied of *Macbeth* : marry he was dead :
 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
 Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* fled : Men must not walke too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
 To kill their gracious Father ? Damned Fact,
 How it did grieve *Macbeth* ? Did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
 He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
 That had he *Duncans* Sonnes under his Key,
 (As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleane*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
 Lives in the English Court, and is receyv'd
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the helpe of these (with him above
 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
 Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
 Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
 Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
 His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
 Under a hand accus'd.

Lord.

He send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Round about the Caldron goe :

In the poysond Entrailes throw
 Toad, that under cold stone,
 Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one :

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
 Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble ;
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
 In the Cauldron boyle and bake :
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
 Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge :
 Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing :
 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
 Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
 Of the ravin'd salt Sea sharke :

Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke :
 Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
 Sliver'd in the Moones Eclipse :
 Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips :
 Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
 Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
 For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
 Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done : I commend your paines,
 And every one shall share i'th'gaines :
 And now about the Cauldron sing
 Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbea,
 Something wicked this way comes :
 Open Lockes, who ever knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags ?
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Professe,
 (How ere you come to know it) answer me :
 Though you untye the Windes, and let them fight
 Against the Churches : Though the yesty Waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up :

Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads :
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations : Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken : Answer me
To what I aske you.

Speake.

2 Demand.

3 **We'll answer.**

I Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Mach. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow : Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low :
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1. Apparation, on Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power.

I He knowes thy thought :
Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe,*

Beware the Thane of Fife : dismiss me. Enough. *He Descends.*

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded : heere's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Child.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd heare thee.

2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & resolute :

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man : For none of woman borne

Shall harme *Macbeth*.

Descends.

Mac. Then live *Macduffe* : what need I feare of thee ?

But yet Ile make assurance : double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate : thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies ;

And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

Thunder.

3 *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his band,*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Sovereignty ?

All.

Listen, but speake not too't.

3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care :

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are :

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill

Great Byrnan Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb.

That will never bee :

Who can presse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Unfixe his earth-bound Root ? Sweet boadments, good :

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*

Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart

Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much : Shall *Banquo's* issue ever

Reigne in this Kingdome ?

All.

Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you : Let me know.

Why sinks that Caldron ? & what noise is this ?

Hoboyes.

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with
a glasse in his hand.*

Mach. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down :
Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first :
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seaventh? Ile see no more :
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more : and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight : Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round :
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musick.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Mach. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Mach. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word :
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Unlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts : be it thought & done :
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife ; give to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen ?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land ?

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.

Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loves us not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit Rosse.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst never Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not set for :

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead :

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are
Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang
up them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie :

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would
not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly have a new
Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely

If you will take a homely mans advice,
 Be not found heere : Hence with your little ones
 To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too savage :
 To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
 Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserve you,
 I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*

Wife. Whether should I flye ?
 I have done no harme. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world : where to do harme
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say I have done no harme ?
 What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband ?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge ?
 Yong fry of Treachery ?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
 Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murder.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there
 Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortall Sword : and like good men,
 Bestride our downfall Birthdome : each new Morne,

New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleewe, Ile waile ;
What know, beleewe ; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend : I wil.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon :
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace,
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe ?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties : you may be rightly just,
What ever I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee : wear you thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,

I would not be the Valiant that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grip,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

Be not offended :

I speake not as in absolute feare of you :
I thinke our Country sithes beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands splited in my right :
And heere from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword ; yet my poore Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
By him that shall succcede.

Macd.

What should he be ?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane : in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinclesse harmes.

Macd.

Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal.

I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse : Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
The Centerne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,

Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny : It hath beene
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke :
We have willing Dames enough : there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticke deeper : growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust : and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings : yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill up your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no rellish of them, but abound
In the division of each severall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should

Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Uprore the universall peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to governe, speake :
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern ? No not to live. O Nation miserable !
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes againe ?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
And do's blaspheme his breed ? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King : the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power : and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous hast : but God above
Deale betweene thee and me ; For even now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Unspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abjure
The taints, and blames I laide upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne :
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking

Was this upon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command :
 Whither indeed, before they heere approach
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point, was setting foorth :
 Now wee'l together, and the chance of Goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you ?

Doct. I Sir : there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure : their malady convinces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes ?

Mal. Tis call'd the Evill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
 Which often since my heere remaine in England,
 I have scene him do : How he solicites heaven
 Himselfe best knowes : but strangely visited people
 All swolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
 The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
 Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
 To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
 The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
 He hath a heavenly guift of Prophecie,
 And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
 That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman : but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The meanes that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,

Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave ; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile :
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd : Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie : The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation ; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest griefe ?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife ?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : How gos't ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe : your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses,

Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither : Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Scyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest ?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh : I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd : your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd : To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heaven :
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes :
Give sorrow words ; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too ?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ? My wife kil'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,

To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so :

But I must also feele it as a man ;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me : Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee : Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules : Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger : blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission : Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly :
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above
Put on their instruments : Receive what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that never findes the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doſtor of Physicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doſ. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no
truth in your report. When was it shee last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown uppon her, unlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

DoB. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyve at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

DoB. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

DoB. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

DoB. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

DoB. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

DoB. Hearn, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.

DoB. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife : where is she now ?
What will these hands ne're be cleane ? No more o'that my
Lord, no more o'that : you marre all with this starting.

DoB. Go too, go too :

You have knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that :
Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of
Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

DoB. What a sigh is there ? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the
dignity of the whole body.

DoB. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

DoB. This disease is beyond my practise : yet I have knowne
those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holily in
their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not
so pale : I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried ; he cannot come
out on's grave.

DoB. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate : Come,
come, come, give me your hand : What's done, cannot be
undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

DoB. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

DoB. Foule whisp'rings are abroad : unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles : infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets :
More needs she the Divine, then the Physitian :
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes upon her : So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent.

Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Caibnes, Angus,
Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Unkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burne in them : for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Caib. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother ?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not : I have a File
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many unruffe youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Caib. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies :
Some say hee's mad : Others, that lesse hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach :
Those he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in love : Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,

When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet me the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds :
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all :
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme* ?
Was he not borne of woman ? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus :
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never fagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone :
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine ?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch ?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face ?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,
When I behold : *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or dis-eate me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to have : but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton ?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure ?

Mach. What Newes more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Mach. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Give me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mach. Ile put it on :

Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor :
How do's your Patient, Doctor ?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Mach. Cure of that :
Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on : give me my Staffe :
Seyton, send out : Doctor, the Thanes flye from me :
Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristive Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge
Would scowre these English hence : hear'st thou of them ?

Doſ. I my good Lord : your Royall Preparation
Makes us heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me :
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doſ. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers
Marching.*

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe :
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate
Towards which, advance the warre. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come : our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne : Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse ?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares :
The time ha's beene, my senses would have cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre

As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

Scy. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Mach. She should have dy'de heereafter ;
There would have beene a time for such a word :
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time :
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy Tongue : thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.

Mach. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Mach. Lyar, and Slave.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three Mile may you see it comming,
I say, a moving Grove.

Mach. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee : If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,

That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrmane Wood
 Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
 If this which he avouches, do's appeare,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
 And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon.
 Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
 At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with
 Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough :
 Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
 And shew like those you are : You (worthy Unkle)
 Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
 Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
 Shall take upon's what elæ remains to do,
 According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well :
 Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all breath
 Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt.*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
 But Beare like I must fight : *What's he*

That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No : though thou call'st thy selfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Sey. The divell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No : nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lvest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile prove the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman ;

But Swords I smile at. Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is : Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still :
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves ; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath againe undeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred :
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,

And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Scy. Enter Sir, the Castle.

Exeunt. Alarum.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne Sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoyded thee :
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum.*

Macb. Thou looest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword presse, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so ;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man :
And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleev'd,
That palter with us in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,

And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
 Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
 Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
 Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
 To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
 And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
 Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
 I throw my warlike Shield : Lay on *Macduffe*,
 And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
 Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your Son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
 He onely liv'd but till he was a man,
 The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier he be:

Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haieres,
 I would not wish to them a fairer death:

And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths bead.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Usurpers curs'd head : the time is free :
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds :
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd : What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene ;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.





HAMLET.

Act. V. Sc. 1.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?



Fran. Nay answer me : Stand & unfold your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. *Barnardo* ?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this releefe much thanks : 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard ?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand : who's there ?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mor. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you ?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place : give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Bernardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare *Bernardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of:

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march : By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay : speake ; speake : I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale :
Is not this something more then Fantasie ?
What thinke you on't ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleieve
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes,

Mar. It is not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted :
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not :
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre :
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night joyn-Labourer with the day :

Who is't that can informe me ?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so : Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras* : who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd up a List of Landleesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare unto our State)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And termes Compulsive, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motive of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold : Loe, where it comes againe :
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or use of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ; speake to me.
 If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
 (Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
 Or, if thou hast up-hoorded in thy life
 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn.

'Tis heere.

Hor.

'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majesticall
 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crewe.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
 Awake the God of Day : and at his warning,
 Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
 Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
 To his confine. And of the truth heerein,
 This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
 Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
 Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long :
 And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
 The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
 No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :
 So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleeeve it.

But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
 Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
 Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seene to night
 Unto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
 This Spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him :
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needfull in our Loves, fitting our Duty ?
Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall finde him most conveniently.

*Exeunt.**Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet,
 Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
 The memory be greene : and that it us befitted
 To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
 To be contracted in one brow of woe :
 Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selves.
 Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
 Th'Imperiall Joyntresse of this warlike State,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
 With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
 Taken to Wife ; nor have we heerein barr'd
 Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone
 With this affaire along, for all our Thanks.
 Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weake supposall of our worth ;
 Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,

Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
 Colleague'd with the dreame of his Advantage;
 He hath not fayl'd to pester us with Message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
 To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
 To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 His further gate heerein. In that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway.
 Giving to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow:
 Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
 You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer.

Dread my Lord.

Your leave and favour to returne to France,

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave ?
What sayes *Pollonius* ?

Pol. He hath my Lord :
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne ?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust ;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be ;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam ? Nay, it is : I know not Seemes :
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemn Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that Within, which passeth show ;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your Father :
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly greefe,
 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
 A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
 An Understanding simple, and unschool'd :
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peevish Opposition
 Take it to heart ? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us
 As of a Father ; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lease Nobility of Love,
 Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet* :
 I prythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best

Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Demarke. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heavens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew :
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-laughter. O God, O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seemes to me all the uses of this world ?
Fie on't ? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
That growes to Seed : Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this :
But two months dead : Nay, not so much ; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre : so loving to my Mother,
That he might not betene the windes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Must I remember : why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
Let me not thinke on't : Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, even she.
(O Heaven ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Unkle,
My Fathers Brother : but no more like my Father,

Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth ?
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets :
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,

And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you :

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio* ?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you : good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so ;

Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant :

But what is your affaire in *Elsenour* ?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables ;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Ere I had ever seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*).

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look upon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father.

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliver

Upon the witsnesse of these Gentlemen,

This marvell to you.

Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch,

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with sollemne march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd


Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, 

The Apparition comes. I knew you Father:

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did ;

But answere made it none : yet once me thought

It lifted up it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake :

But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd ;

And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live my honourd Lord 'tis true :

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs ; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night ?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like : staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly ? no.

Hor. It was, as I have scene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night ; perchance 'twill wake againe.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceald this sight ;
Let it bee treble in your silence still :
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves ; so, fare ye well :
Upon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you : farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes ? All is not well :
I doubt some foule play : would the Night were come ;
Till then sit still my soule ; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't ; Farewell :
And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
And Convoy is assistant ; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud ;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;
Froward, not permanent ; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute ? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer.

Thinke it no more,

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
 In thewes and Bulke : but as his Temple waxes,
 The inward service of the Minde and Soule
 Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
 And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
 The vertue of his feare : but you must feare
 His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne ;
 For hee himselve is subject to his Birth :
 Hee may not, as unvallued persons doe,
 Carve for himselve ; for, on his choyce depends
 The sanctity and health of the whole State.
 And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
 Into the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
 Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
 Fits your wisdome so farre to beleeeve it ;
 As he in his peculiar Sect and force
 May give his saying deed : which is no further,
 Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
 Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
 If with too credent eare you list his Songs ;
 Or lose your Heart ; or your chaste Treasure open
 To his unmastred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
 And keepe within the reare of your Affection ;
 Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
 If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone :
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare ;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart : but good my Brother
Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heaven ;
Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :
A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes* ? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there : my blessing with you ;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act :
Be thou familiar ; but by no meanes vulgar :
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele :
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell : but being in
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine eare ; but few thy voyce :
Take each mans censure ; but reserve thy judgement :
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy ;
But not exprest in fancie : rich, not gawdie :
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend :
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.

This above all ; to thine owne selfe be true :

And it must follow, as the Night the Day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell : my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Opheelia*, and remember well

What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist *Opheelia* he hath said to you ?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. *Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you ; and you your selfe

Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me ;

And that in way of caution : I must tell you,

You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,

As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is betweene you, give me up the truth ?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Unsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleve his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you ; thinke your selfe a Baby,

That you have tane his tenders for true pay,

Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly ;

Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,

Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Opbe. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Gives the tongue vowes : these blazes, Daughter,
Giving more light then heate ; extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making ;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes ; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Investments show :
But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all :
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet* :
Looke too't, I charge you ; come your wayes.

Opbe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly : is it very cold ?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now ?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not : then it drawes neere the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord ?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassels and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome ?

Ham. I marry ist ;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne : It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us :
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerments ; why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe ? What may this meane ?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious ? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee ; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we doe ?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground :
But do not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare ?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee ;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that ?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe.
It waves me forth againe ; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madness thinke of it?

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve :
Still am I cal'd ? Unhand me Gentlemen :
By Heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me :
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak ; Ile go no further.

Gbo. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gbo. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gbo. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gbo. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What ?

Gbo. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night ;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away ? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House ;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porpentine :
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud ; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven !

Gbo. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther ?

Gbo. Murther most foule, as in the best it is ;
But this most foule, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,

That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare :
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me : so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd : But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule : mine Uncle ?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power
So to seduce ? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene :
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never wil be moved,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven :
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre ;
Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone ;
Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
With juyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment ; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht ;
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head ;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible :
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not ;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought ; leave her to heaven,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once ;
The Glow-worme shoves the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire ;
Aduce, adue, *Hamlet* : remember me.

Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven ! Oh Earth : what els ?
And shall I couple Hell ? Oh fie : hold my heart ;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old ;
But beare me stiffely up : Remember thee ?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe : Remember thee ?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records.

All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and observation coppied there ;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Unmixt with baser matter ; yes, yes, by Heaven :
Oh most pernicious woman !
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine !
My Tables, my Tables ; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine ;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke ;
So Unckle there you are : now to my word ;
It is ; Aduie, Aduie, Remember me : I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heaven secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boys ; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord ?

Hor. What newes, my Lord ?

Ham. Oh wonderfull !

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it ?
But you'l be secret ?

Both. I, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the Grave,
to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th'right ;

And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part :
 You, as your busines and desires shall point you :
 For every man ha's businesse and desire,
 Such as it is : and for mine owne poore part,
 Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily :
 Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
 And much offence too, touching this Vision heere :
 It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is betweene us,
 O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
 As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
 Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord : in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Marcell. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.

Gbo. Swear. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
 penny? Come on, you here this fellow in the selleredge.
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have secne.
 Swear by my sword.

Gbo. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,

Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe upon my Sword,
Never to speake of this that you have heard :
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th'ground so fast ?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night : but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe ;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on :)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake ;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase ;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake ; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me ; this not to doe :
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you :
Sweare.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : so Gentlemen,
With all my love I doe commend me to you ;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke : let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt : Oh curs'd spight,
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely : good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said ;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
And how, and who ; what meanes ; and where they keepe :
What company, at what expence : and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne. Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his Friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo* ?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well ;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde ;
Addicted so and so ; and there put on him
What forgeries you please : marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that :
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge ;

You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie ;
That's not my meaning : but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A savagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this ?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these alight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soild i'th'working :
Marke you your party in converse ; him you would sound,
Having ever seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence.
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this ?
He does : what was I about to say ?
I was about to say something : where did I leave ?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence :
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day ;
Or then or then, with such and such ; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile ;
Fidelicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now ;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth ;

And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach
With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out :
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne ; you have me, have you not ?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you ; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell :

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven ?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gived to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors : he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love ?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know : but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he ?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme ;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme :
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe ;

He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
 That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
 And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
 And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
 He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
 For out adores he went without their helpe;
 And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extasie of Love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
 And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under Heaven,
 That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
 What have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 And meant to wracke thee: but beahrew my jealousy:
 It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
 As it is common for the yonger sort
 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
 More greefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne
 Cumaliis.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosinrance* and *Guildensterne*.
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,

The neede we have to use you, did provoke
Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation : so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him :
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time : so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosin*crance, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin*crance.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Exit.

Queene.

Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King :
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I have us'd to do : that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends :
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak ;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,

That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway : and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Unkle, never more
To give th'assay of Armes against your Majestie.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So levied as before, against the Poleak :
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King.

It likes us well :

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke upon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol.

This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Brevitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :
Mad call I it ; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no Art at all :
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,

And pittie it is true : A foolish figure,
 But farewell it : for I will use no Art.
 Mad let us grant him then : and now remains
 That we finde out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect ;
 For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 I have a daughter : have, whil'st she is mine,
 Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
 Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
 Phrase : but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome,
 these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth move :

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But never Doubt, I love.

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers : I have not Art to
 reckon my grones ; but that I love thee best, ob most Best beleewe
 it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me :
 And more above hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All given to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What do you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine prove so. But what might you think ?

When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Majestie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be : and then, I Precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens :
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this ?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this ; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeede.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
 Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
 Marke the encounter : If he love her not,
 And be not from his reason false thereon ;
 Let me be no Assistant for a State,
 And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King.

We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
 Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
 Ile boord him presently.

Exit King & Queen.

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one m
 pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being
 good kissing Carrion——

Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a blessing
 but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter
 yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a Fishmonger : he
 farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth, I suffered much e
 treamity for love : very neere this. Ile speake to him again
 What do you read my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall slave saies here, that old men have gray Beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme : and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeeve ; yet I holde it not Honestie to have it thus set downe : For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre :
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are ?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet* ; there hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord ?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildsterne*? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortune's Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne hone

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confin'd Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th'worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a King of infinite space; were it not that I have boundless dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies ; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes : shall wee to th'Court : for, by my fey I cannot reason ?

Both. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants : for to speake to you like an honest man : I am most dreadfully attended ; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower* ?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes ; but I thanke you : and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny ; were you not sent for ? Is it your owne inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, deale justly with me : Come, come, nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord ?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose ; you were sent for ; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes ; which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall ; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you ?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you : if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecie to the King and Queene : moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise, and indeed, it goes so
• heavenly with my disposition ; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterill Promontory ; this most excellent

Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majesticall Rooffe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither? though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shal use his Foyle and Target: the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th'sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepes in the wonted pace; But

there is Sir an ayre of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them ex-claim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord. *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Unckle is King of Den-marke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonowre*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse—

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historic, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comick-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comick-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Jephtha*?

Polon. If you call me *Jephtha* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came

to passe, as most like it was : The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well : Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last : Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome : wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see : wee'l have a Speech straight. Come give us a tast of your quality : come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted : or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviarie* to the Generall : but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play : well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall : Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and
good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command : unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide :
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke :
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power :
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,

And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbara, with your beard. Prythee say on :
He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepe. Say on ;
come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene ?

Pol. That's good : Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Bisson Rheume : A clout about that head,

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught up.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd ?

But if the Gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made

(Unlesse things mortall move them not at all)

Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven,

And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares
in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest, soone.
Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel bestow'd. Do ye
heare, let them be well us'd : for they are the Abstracts and breefe
Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have
a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Use everie man after his
desart, and who should scape whipping : use them after your own

Honor and Dignity. The lesse they deserve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come sir.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteene lines, which I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leave you til night you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a Dreame of Passion,

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,

That from her working, all his visage warm'd;

Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting

With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,

Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion

That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,

And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:

Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,

A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing : No, not for a King,
Upon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward ?
Who calles me Villaine ? breakes my pate a-crosse ?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face ?
Tweakes me by'th Nose ? gives me the Lye i'th Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha ? Why I should take it : for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloody : a Bawdy Villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine !
Oh Vengeance !
Who ? What an Asse am I ? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion ? Fye upon't : Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scène,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke : if he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I have seene
May be the Divel, and the Divell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,

As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Ex*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinrance, Guildenster
and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion :
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feesles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guild. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe :
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well ?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime ?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way : of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it : They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on

To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th'affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The divell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heavie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe
No more ; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shokes
That Flesh is heyre too ? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame ; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must give us pawae. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life :
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Opbelia* ? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembered.

Ophe.

Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thanke you : well, well, well.

Opbe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Opbe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left :
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha : Are you honest ?

Opbe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Opbe. What meanes your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should
admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Opbe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Commerce then your
Honestie ?

Ham. I trulie : for the power of Beautie, will sooner trans-
forme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of
Honestie can translate Beautie into his likeness. This was some-
time a Paradox, but now the time gives it prooffe. I did love you
once.

Opbe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleewe so.

Ham. You should not have beleev'd me. For vertue cannot so
innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish of it. I loved
you not.

Opbe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a
breeder of Sinners ? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I
could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had
not borne me. I am very proud, revengefull, Ambitious, with
more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in

imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleeve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Opbe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Opbe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Opbe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Opbe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollars: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Sovereigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'have seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleewe
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to
you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of
your Players do, I had as live the Town-Cryer had spoke my
Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus,

but use all gently ; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings : who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise : I could have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant : it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther : but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance : That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature ; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature ; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorene her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greeve ; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have scene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered : that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildenstjerne.

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man
As ere my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay do not thinke I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core : I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance

Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
 Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
 Observe mine Unkle : If his occulted guilt,
 Do not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seene :
 And my Imaginations are as foule
 As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face :
 And after we will both our judgements joine,
 To censure of his seeming.

Ilora. Well my Lord.
 If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Opbelia, Rosinrance, Guildenstern,
 and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches.
 Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish : I eate the
 Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are
 not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'
 University, you say ?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
 Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll :
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe
 there. Be the Players ready ?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that ?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap ?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap ?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters ?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids lega.

Ophe. What is my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord ?

Ham. Who I ?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker : what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then let the Divil weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens ! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare : But byrlady he must builde Churches then : or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly ; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his bead upon her neck. Lays him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate

action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away : The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love.
Exeunt.

Opbe. What meanes this, my Lord ?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes *Mischeeffe*.

Opbe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play ?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes : the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Opbe. Will they tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Opbe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For us, and for our Tragedie,
 Heere stooping to your Clemencie :
 We begge your bearing Patientlie.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring ?

Opbe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
 Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground :
 And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
 About the World have times twelve thirties beene,
 Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
 Unite comutually, in most sacred Banda.

Bap. So many journies may the Sunne and Moone
 Make us againe count o're, ere love be done.
 But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
 So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
 That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must :

For womens Feare and Love, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity :
Now what my love is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Love is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too :
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kinde,
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest :
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeeve you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we breake :
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie :
Which now like Fruite unripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves, what to our selves is debt :
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,
Their owne ennactors with themselves destroy :
Where Joy most Revels, Greefe doth most lament ;
Greefe joyes, Joy greeves on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,



Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend.
For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend :
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night :
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy :
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne :
Sweet, leave me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine.

Sleeper.

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Exit.

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence
in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Offence
i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how ? Tropically :

This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna* : *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see anon : 'tis a knavish peece of worke : But what o'that? Your Majestie, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not : let the gall'd jade winch : our withers are unrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Opbe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love : if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Opbe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Opbe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life, usurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate : His name's *Gonzago* : the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian.
You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Opbe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
The Hart ungalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleepe ;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me ; with two Provinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of
Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know : Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Jove himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Pajocke.

Hora. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive ?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning ?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildenstjerne.

Ham. Oh, ha ? Come some Musick. Come the Recorders :
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir ?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to Speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying : governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me : you would play upon mee ; you would seeme to know my stops : you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie ; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse : and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe ? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord ; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd ? that's almost in shape like a Camell ?

Polon. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by :
They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends :
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother :
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature ; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome :
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none :
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
T'o let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth houely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide :
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Majestie.

Rosin. The single
 And peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
 To keepe it selfe from noyance : but much more,
 That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
 The lives of many, the cease of Majestie
 Dies not alone ; but like a Gulfe doth draw
 What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
 Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
 To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd : which when it falles,
 Each small annexment, pettie consequence
 Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
 Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage ;
 For we will Fetters put upon this feare,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Both.

We will haste us. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset :
 Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
 To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
 Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
 The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
 Ile call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
 Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
 It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
 A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharpe as will :
 My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,

And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect ; what if this cursèd hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence ?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe ? Then Ile looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serve my turne ? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possessèd
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law ; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched state ! Oh bosome, blacke as death !
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged : Helpe Angels, make assay :
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,

And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd : that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 This foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save Heaven :
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavie with him : and am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No.
 Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
 When he is drunke asleepe : or in his Rage,
 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some afte
 That ha's no relish of Salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
 And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remain below,
 Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight :
 Looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,
 And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene
 Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere :
 Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
 Withdraw, I heare him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter ?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Whats the matter now ?

Qu. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so :

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,

But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge :

You go not till I set you up a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you ?

Qu. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murther me ?

Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. O I am alaine.

Killes Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King ?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this ?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King ?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe ;

If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noisc so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsodie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in
the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow.
Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heaven kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waites upon the Judgement : and what Judgement
 Would step from this, to this ? What divell was't,
 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde ?
 O Shame ! where is thy Blush ? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the ranke sweat of an enſeamed bed,
 Stew'd in Corruption ; honying and making love
 Over the nasty Styte.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
 These words like Daggers enter in mine earea,
 No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine :
 A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
 A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
 That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
 And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
 Save me ; and hover o're me with your wings
 You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure ?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget : this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits ;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him : look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke upon me,
Least with this pitteous action you convert
My sterne effects : then what I have to do,
Will want true colour ; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there : looke how it steals away :
My Father in his habite, as he lived,

Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall.

Exit.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie !

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
 And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
 That I have uttered ; bring me to the Test
 And I the matter will re-word, which madnesse
 Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
 Lay not a flattering Unction to your soule,
 That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes :
 It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
 Infects unscene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven,
 Repent what's past, avoyd what is to come,
 And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
 To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
 For in the Fatnesse of this pursie times,
 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 Yea courb, and woe, for leave to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but go not to mine Unkles bed,
 Assume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night ;
 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
 And when you are desirous to be blest
 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
 I do repent : but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him : so againe, good night.
 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde ;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do :

Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheekes, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do so,
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,
Unpegge the Basket on the houses top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I have no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that ?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing :

Hee lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother, *Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaves
You must translate : 'Tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Sonne ?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night ?

King. What *Gertrude* ? How do's *Hamlet* ?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The unseene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed :
It had bin so with us had we beene there :
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered ?
It will be laide to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern :

Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde :
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Closesets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call up our wisest friends,

Exit Gent.

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come.

Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeve it.

Rosin. Beleeeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne.
Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be
made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards,
his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best service in the
end. He keepesthem like an Ape in the corner of his jaw, first
mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you have
glean'd), it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry
again.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleepes in a foolish
care.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go
with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with
the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie :
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose :
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him :
Hee's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes :
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence : to beare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosinrance.

How now ? What hath befallne ?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildensterne* ? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine
convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your
onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and
we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane
Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's
the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progressse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him : but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and wife : man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard :
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire pray you make hast.
And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniah Sword, and thy free awe

Payes homage to us ; thou maist not coldly set
 Our Soveraigne Processe, which imports at full
 By Letters conjuring to that effect
 The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
 For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me : Till I know 'tis done,
 How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun.

*Exit.**Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
 Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous :
 If that his Majesty would ought with us,
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

*Exit.**Enter Quene and Horatio.*

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs
 be pittied.

Qu. What would she have ?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father ; saies she heares
 There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
 That carry but halfe sense : Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to Collection ; they ayme at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as her winkea, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,



For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Opbelia distracted.

Opbe. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Opbelia*?

Opbe. *How should I your true love know from another one ?
By his Cockle bat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.*

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Opbe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
*He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.*

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Opbelia*.

Opbe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Opbe. *Larded with sweet flowers :
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showres.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Opbe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was a
Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not
what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Opbe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they
aske you what it meane, say you this:
*To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.*

King. Pretty *Opbelia*.

Opbe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

By gis, and by S. Charity,

Alacke, and fie for shame :

Tong men wil doo't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me

You promis'd me to Wed :

So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin this?

Opbe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight sweet ladies : Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Give her good watch I pray you :

Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs

All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,

When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

But in Battalines. First, her Father slaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne just remove : the people muddied,

Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death ; and we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Opbelia*

Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement.

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her Brother is in secret come from France,

Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare

With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,

Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,

Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death.

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King.

Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. Save your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-bearers your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges. *Noise within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Even heere betweene the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude* : Do not feare our person :
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance : Vowes, to the blackest divell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation : to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes : onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes* :
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes :
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.



King. Why now you speake
 Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
 And am most sensible in greefe for it,
 It shall as levell to your Judgement pierce
 As day do's to your eye. *A noise within. Let her come in.*

Enter Opbelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
 Oh heate drie up my Braines, teares seven times salt,
 Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
 By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
 Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
 Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Opbelia*:
 Oh Heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
 Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
 Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
 It sends some precious instance of it selfe
 After the thing it loves.

Opbe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
 Hey non nony, nony, bey nony:
 And on his grave raines many a teare,
 Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Revenge, it
 could not move thus.

Opbe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him
 a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false
 Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Opbe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray love
 remember: and there is Paconies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance
 fitted.

Opbe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew
 for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-

Grace a Sundaies : Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Dayeie, I would give you some Violeta, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed : They say, he made a good end ;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe :
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,

And will he not come againe :

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole :

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods ?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right : go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me ;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so :

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall ;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall :
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me ?
Ser. Saylor's sir, they say they have Letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.
Hora. Let him blesse thee too.
Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir : It comes from th'Ambassadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellowes some meanes to the King : They have Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them. On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.*

*He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.*

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

*Exit.**Enter King and Laertes.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age

For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty :
this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylor my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:

Leave us.

Exit Messenger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne. *Hamlet.*

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Postscript here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'errule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,

As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
 No more to undertake it ; I will worke him
 To an exployt now ripe in my Device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall ;
 And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
 But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it accident : Some two Monthes hence
 Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
 I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
 And they ran well on Horsebacke ; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't ; he grew into his Seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
 As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
 With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thought,
 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't ?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
 And Jemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,

And gave you such a Masterly report,
 For Art and exercise in your defence ;
 And for your Rapier most especially,
 That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you Sir. This report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with him ;
 Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord ?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why aske you this ?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it :
Hamlet comes backe : what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize ;
Revenge should have no bounds : but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home :
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foiles ? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword :
I bought an Unction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue
Under the Moone, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall : Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him alightly,
It may be death.

Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes

May fit us to our shape, if this should faile ;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid ; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe : Soft, let me see,
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't : when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke ; Ile have prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there ; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow : your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd ! O where ?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame :
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards give a grosser name ;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them :
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang ; an envious aliver broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Unto that Element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares : but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone
The woman will be out : A due my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

Exit.

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude* :

How much I had to doe to calme his rage ?
Now feare I this will give it start againe ;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully
seekes her owne salvation ?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight,
the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her
owne defence ?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else : for heere
lies the point ; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act :
and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to
performe ; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave ; heere lies the water, good : heere
stands the man ; good : If the man goe to this water and drowne
himselfe ; it is will he, nill he, he goes ; marke you that ? But
if the water come to him & drowne him ; hee drownes not
himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death,
shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law ?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.



Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farrs off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this

question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doome-day: go, get thee to *Yaniban*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contrarie O the time for a my bebove,
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never bene such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowles it to th'grownd, as if it were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with the Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

*A Pickbaxe and a Spade, a Spade
for a shrowding-Sheete :
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. There's another : why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer ? where be his Quiddits now ? his Quillets ? his Cases ? his Tenures, and his Tricks ? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery ? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries : Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt ? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too ; then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures ? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe ; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes ?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow : whose Grave's this Sir ?

Clo. Mine Sir ;

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed : for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I doe not lye in't ; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine : 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for ?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then ?

Clo. For none neither,

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir ; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will undoe us : by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker ?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since ?

Clo. Cannot you tell that ? every foole can tell that : It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England ?

Clo. Why, because he was mad ; hee shall recover his wits there ; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke : I have bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith'earth ere he rot ?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another ?



Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now : this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was ;
Whose doe you thinke it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Toricks* Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This ?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jest ; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times : And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now ? Your Gambals ? Your Songs ? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore ? No one now to mock your own Jeering ? Quite chopfalne ? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that : prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord ?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth ?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so ? Puh.

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider : to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with

modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted, might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall *Cesar*, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw. But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords Attendants.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre enlarg'd,
As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest.

No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer.

Lay her i'th'earth,

And from her faire and unpolluted flesh,



May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophebia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife :
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes :

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust, upon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat ;
Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous.
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him uppon this Theme,
Untill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lov'd *Opbelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
 Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)
 Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
 Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
 Woo't drinke up *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?
 Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
 To outface me with leaping in her Grave?
 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 Millions of Akers on us; till our ground
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
 Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:
 And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
 Anon as patient as the female Dove,
 When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
 Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
 The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day.

Exit.

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
 Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
 Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
 Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Sonne,
 This Grave shall have a living Monument:
 An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,



You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord ?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe ; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarst about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knavery : An exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reason ;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible ?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure :
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire ; and laboured much

How to forget that learning : but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans service : wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote ?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate ;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Daniah Seale :
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gav't th'impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling never knowne : Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstjerne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imprisonment.
They are not neere my Conscience ; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this ?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,

And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterfrie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know
him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of
Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messe; 'tis a
Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your
Bonet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeve mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Com-
plexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I
cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to

you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith : Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but well.

Osr. The *sir* King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdles, Hangers or so : three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit ?

Ham. What call you the Carriages ?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter : If we could carry Cannon by our sides ; I would it might be Hangers till then ; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords : their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish ; why is this impon'd as you call it ?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits ; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall ; if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose ; I will win for him if I can : if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so ?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will,

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

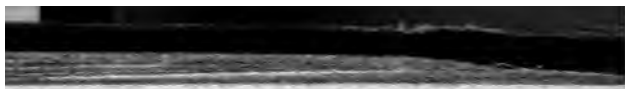
Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,

And you must needs have heard how I am punisht

With sore distraction? What I have done



That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse :
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes* ? Never *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away :
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it :
Who does it then ? His Madnesse ? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I have a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the Foyles : Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I have seene you both :
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This like me well,
These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table :
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an union shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir. *They Play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well : againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.



Come : Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord ;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third,

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on.

Play.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now. *In scuffling they change Rapiers.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord ?

Osr. How is't *Laertes* ?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,

I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene ?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd,
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason,

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Union heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poyson temp'ed by himselfe:
Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dyes,

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you,
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleeeve it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane :
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heaven Ile have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie. *March afarre off, and shout within.*
What warlike noyæ is this ?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio* :
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes.*

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart :
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither ?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on havocke. Oh proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosinrance* and *Guildesterne* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,



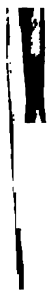
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

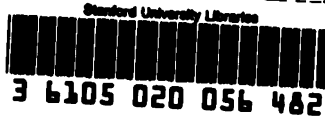
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have prov'd most royally :
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take up the body ; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching, after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.







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